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MRS. JOSEPHINE BYRNE SULLIVAN-CONLON
Late Editor of "Michigan Catholic," Detroit

THE MICIGAN CATHOLIC

Decorated by His Holiness Benedict XV
with insignia of
"Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice"

THE MICIGAN CATHOLIC

Died May 28, 1920

THOUGHTS OF JUNE

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BY

Kathleen A. Sullivan

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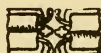
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To the Memory
of
My Dear Sister
Mrs. Josephine Byrne Sullivan-Conlon
(June)



Just thoughts for those dear years you've spent
Upon the Long Highway ;
Just humble thoughts with sorrow blent,
As sun and shadows play :

Each thought a rose of love for you,
Rich red as rose of June
Mist-petaled with the morning dew
When Night meets Day in tune.

O rare great soul ! List to my call !
Bend low to me today !
Accept my gifts ; I'd give my ALL
For you, on Time's Highway.

June

June, glorious month of life and love,
Of roses dipped in morning dew ;
June, richest jewel of the year,
My soul is filled with thoughts of you.

June, laden with a rare perfume,
On zephyrs borne, and wafted far ;
June, bright with rays of golden sun
Or gleams of Even's lucid star.

June, rippling with the limpid laugh
Of sparkling streams cavorting o'er
The fields of green, expanding far,
Displaying riches more and more.

June, beating heart of all the year,
Pulsating true with life and love ;
June, shedding happiness on earth,
And ecstasy in world above.

I love you, June, yes for yourself,
For all the lavish joys you give,
For fragrance, roses, bubbling streams—
I'll love you long as I shall live.

You bring to mind one whom we named
In childhood's fancy, after you—
One who had cheeks of roses red
And eyes of June's grey-azure hue.

We named her June, so full of life,
So warm her heart for human kind;
We did not know her richness till
It faded, leaving dark behind.

The glory of her soul was like
The sun of June enriching earth;
Her nature warm, and broad and free
Of kindly thought ne'er knew a dearth.

In lovely June when roses bloomed
With all their rich alluring red,
We plucked the rarest ones for her,
And placed them on her lowly bed.

The sweet embodiment of June!
Too full of life to hide away
She seemed—not wan nor lone nor sad,
But glorious as a bright June day!

Farewell, sweet month of love and joy!

A month of memory for me—

Amid your blooms we laid our June

To sleep beneath the tall green tree,

That shades the spot where lies our ALL,

The ones we love the dearest, best;

O wondrous June! Great soul on earth!

God grant you now sweet peace and rest!

Her Mission

"She answered the laughter of life with a smile,"
So sang a great poet. "Walked many a mile,"
To lighten the burdens of weary and worn,
To cheer the sad hearts of the weak and forlorn.

"She carried the sunshine of kindness and mirth,"
Again sang the poet, "to corners of earth."
She spread her bright rays o'er dark corners of woe,
For hers was the mission, good cheer to bestow.

"Her days have been gentle," ah yes, for in deed
And thought, she e'er spent them, for many in need.
"Her faith has been strong," for she trusted that right
Would surely prevail over wrong's cruel might.

Throughout passing days e'en 'mid sorrow and care
She gave aid to others by word, act, or prayer.
And so runs the poet the bright strain along—
"Her speech has been sweet with the lilt of a song."

"She hasn't been one that has hungered for fame."
Humanity's justice emblazons her name.
"For goals," of "the selfish," she never has sought,
Her faith and devotion no baubles have bought.

The path of "the Glory that many pursue,"

She left for the one of "the good she could do,"
For there lay the weary and worn, needing strength,
And there in their service her life was well spent.

Thus on passed her days full of richness and truth,
All buoyant and warm with the ardor of youth;
To souls giving cheer in the service of love,
And lifting feint hearts to high hopes far Above.

The world gave her praise as she lay still in sleep,
It may be she heard, for in sweet slumber deep,
A smile lit her face, full of pity and love—
"Her fame by the Angels is written above."

The Long Highway

A long, long road leads out from the low silvery mists
of Dawn,

It stretches to the purple glooms of far Eternity ;

Some places rough and pebble-filled ; sometimes it
wanders on

All shaded from the glare of scorching rays that
chance to be.

Where it begins in azure skies, of distant golden morn,
'Tis crowded with the snow-white souls of infants,
seeking life,

They float into the open space, the myriads newly
born ;

All blind with Heaven's joy, they see no earthly care
nor strife.

Adown the road they come, and soon the tiny feet gain
strength.

The forms take courage, and push forth upon the
broad Highway.

They fear no future for 'tis lost in that mysterious
length

Of distance, that's enshrouded from their new all-
glorious Day.

Yet see the toddlers fall upon the pathway scarce
begun ;

The little forms just started that grew weary, worn
and sore.

The stronger push more boldly on, yet ere their race
is run,

They too will feel the stones their tired feet must
travel o'er.

But One stepped on the long Highway, in Time's all-
rosy morn,

With eager feet and wistful eye, impatient Life to
know ;

Plucked flowers of joy and scattered them to creatures
more forlorn,

Smiled when the pebbles bruised her feet, or storms
of strife did blow.

O soul of golden sunshine blent with mists of pity's
dew !

O wondrous mortal ! You scarce passed the middle of
the Way,

When low you sank exhausted and God reached His
arms for you,

And bore you forth to rest in peace in His Celestial
Day.

The Great Sorrow

Life holds pain and trouble,
Sorrows, not a few,
But Life's greatest sorrow
Dear, is loss of you ;
Others bruised our spirits—
Father, brothers too—
Yet in all our anguish
We had you, Dear, you :

Comforter of Mother,
Always ever near
When you most were needed,
With your vision clear ;
How we leaned upon you,
Pilot strong to steer
Barks through sorrows' billows!
How we miss you, Dear !

You were ready ever
To relieve our care ;
Near your joyous nature
Worry would not dare
To abide in shadows,
You with courage rare—
Bringing light from darkness—
Soul so wondrous fair !

It were well, our dear one,
That you did not know
When the Angel beckoned
You from earth to go;
Your dear heart so tender
Would have murmured low,
"Let me stay for Mother.
God Thy mercy show!

She has had much sorrow,
She is needing me.
I cannot be happy
If her lot must be,
To bend low in anguish
'Neath that lonely tree
In God's Acre, counting
A new grave for me."

Heart so great and tender,
Rich with wondrous love,
May you rest in mercy!
May the Spotless Dove
Give you peace of Eden—
May you live Above,
Knowing not our anguish—
Live in bliss and love!

The Voyage

A boat stood waiting near the shore,
A lonely boat with oarsman grave,
Impatient waited to sail o'er
The deep mysterious placid wave.

A form tripped blithely down the way,
All radiant with joy and health.
'Twas just at closing of the day
Ere night hid earth's abundant wealth.

The angels had not hung the stars
Across the sky, illumined bright
By shooting rays through sunset bars
In varied hues of sparkling light.

God chose the scene and chose the time;
He chose the bark with wondrous care.
The soft air knelled with vesper chime
Rang from on High by Angels fair.

The lovely form cast back one smile
To earth, to friends so true and fond,
Then stepped into the boat, the while
She wistful sought the Port Beyond.

O Oarsman grave, bear her I pray,
At God's command, the waters o'er;
Oars dipped for His Eternal Day—
O land her safely on His Shore!

“Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice”

Medal Conferred by His Holiness
Benedict XV

“For Pontiff and for Church,”
Inscribed the gift of gold,
The priceless medal which the Pope
Approvingly bestowed
Upon you, for your loyal work
To further Truth and Right—
Your service in the noble cause
To raise Faith’s Beacon Light.

Above all other gifts
Of value, did you love,
This emblem of fidelity—
Passport to Heaven above.
It was not for the gold it held,
Nor yet because of fame
It brought to you—on Honor’s roll
Inscribing bright your name;

But proof unto yourself
Of Christ’s “Well done!” to you.
His vicar by this medal praised
Your service great and true.

Our Lord, the Master was well pleased,
And worthy of the hire
The laborer; hence the reward—
Love's consecrated fire.

So strange that not until
This world was lost to view,
And tones of Angels, welcoming,
Drowned mortals' sad adieu,
Was that great gift pinned rev'rently
Above your heart, in love.
Its words, the countersign to pass
You to the realms above!

Take a Neighbor's Hand

Would you leave a ray of sun upon a darkened earth?
Cast a gleam of gladness into lives that have a dearth?
Speak then to a saddened soul some little word of
cheer;

Point a way for feet to tread, and make a pathway
clear.

Take a neighbor's hand.

Lift a heart that's sinking 'neath a weight of care and
woe;

Help a wayward life to rise above conditions low;
Feed a hungry child today, give strength to tired feet;
Help the weaker ones of earth to conquer grim defeat.

Take a neighbor's hand.

Purify an unjust world from greed's all-selfish curse;
Hold belief in human kind for Man is never worse
Than his best ideals, for the soul is purified
By the faith in Him who for man's sake has bled and
died.

Take a neighbor's hand.

One I knew who sought to cheer the darkened souls
of earth;
Scattered gleams of gladness into lives that felt a
dearth;
Helped the poor and comfortless and led feet long
astray;
Gave sad eyes a vision of a newer, brighter day.
Took her neighbor's hand.

Helped the orphaned and the sick and cheered the poor
and lone;
Helped the wayward find the path and contritely
atone;
Lived a life of thoughtfulness for all of humankind.
Even with her last farewell left rays of cheer behind.
Took her neighbor's hand.

O great soul I see you now enthroned in Heaven's
grace,
Your old smile of helpfulness illumining your face;
Arms outstretched so yearningly to welcome us above,
Eager for to clasp us close in all-protecting love.
Grasping close the hand.

Two Kinds of Mortals

Mortals are divided
 Into classes two;
One is always striving
 Something good to do;

Other is but trying
 To destroy the right;
One works by high thinking;
 One by rule of might.

One is ever adding
 To the world some cheer;
Life is worth the living
 With such spirits near;

Other is depressing
 With dread scowls of gloom;
Lives they spend in shadow—
 Darkness of the tomb.

One is ever giving
 Both with hand and heart;
Self is e'er forgotten
 As of life no part;

Other lives by taking
Making no return ;
Souls are cramped and sordid
As for gain they yearn.

One is nearer Heaven
Giving Heaven here,
Spreading rays of sunshine,
Adding to earth's cheer ;

Other? God forgives them
For they do not know ;
Small in soul, their warped lives,
Nothing can bestow.

O the noble givers !
Life they know not long ;
Strength is spent for others
Making right of wrong ;

From the heights of Heaven,
They'll send down their love
For to guide the weak ones
To their Home Above.

Words of Cheer

Whisper low a word of cheer as you pass along,
'Twill but raise the chorus of Earth's not abundant
 song;
Then support your little word with a helping hand;
Words are strongest when on deeds of true love they
 stand.

Words of cheer soft spoken meant to lift another's
 woe,
Multiply in echoes as through earth they go,
Soon with sweet accordance they blend in a refrain
Reaching earth to Heaven in seraphic strain.

All the soft words spoken meant to cheer, and raise
Drooping hearts from sorrow, make a chant of praise
Greater than a choir of rarest gifts sublime
Could send forth symphonic through cloisters dim of
 time.

Hearts are aching daily for a word of cheer;
Lives in sordid lonesome passing cold and drear;
Years are fleeting quickly and the time is nigh
For each living mortal to bid a last good-bye.

Leave the world the better for your little life,
Know you have helped some one conquer care and
 strife;
Whisper low a word of cheer as you pass along,
'Twill but raise the chorus of Life's not abundant song.

The Dark Day

So dark the day! The rain is falling, falling,
Throughout the dreary town there rests a gloom.
The thunder rumbling rolls along the Heavens;
The lightning flares through darkness deep of doom.

So dark my soul! With grief the tears are falling.
Upon my dreary life there rests a gloom.
The echoes of despair come rumbling o'er me,
Depression drags me down to depths of doom;

For on her grave today the rain is falling,
And over all the world there rests a gloom.
My soul is dark, my heart is sorrow-riven—
She lies within the darkness of the tomb.

Yet though throughout my life the rain is falling,
And sadness overspreads me with its gloom,
Through rumbles of despair like thunder rolling,
The lighting lights the darkness of my doom.

The lightning flares in Faith's unending flashes,
Illumining dark sorrow's dreary gloom,
And with it comes soft rumbling tones from Heaven.
Faith brightens up the darkness of the tomb.

Change

The sky is not so blue a blue as in the yester-year,
The flowers are not so beautiful, the bird songs not
so sweet,
The zephyrs are less soothing and the river runs less
clear,
And life is less a love!and—less a peaceful joy-retreat.

For in the gladsome yester-year, I had you by my side,
I saw you and I heard your voice, and listened to your
song.
I knew the world was beautiful. I felt creation wide
With all the wondrous glories that to it doth well
belong.

I did not know in those bright days of all-confiding
youth
That most of earth's great wonderment was just a part
of you;
That should you leave, the world would change, the
sun grow dark. In truth
The universe would suddenly eclipse and Heaven too.

But you are gone and I am here, and oh the woeful
change!

The absence of all lovely things, the dreadful sense
of pain,

They tell me Nature is the same. It may be, but how
strange!

I look for all its loveliness but sadly look in vain.

The sky is not so blue a blue as in the yester-year.

The flowers are not so beautiful, the bird songs not so
sweet.

The zephyrs are less soothing and the river runs less
clear.

All loveliness went with you when you sought your
new retreat.

The Wonderful City

I love the big bustling city, the bursting beautiful city,
With its beating, beating, beating as of the throbs of
the world's great heart;

I love its stir and its striving, its crowded and hurried
hiving;

The city, the wonderful city, plays in life the most
marvelous part.

You loved the great growing city, the groaning, may-
hap greedy city,

With its weary, wakeful, worn ones, and its gnawing,
needless noise,

You loved its clang and its clamor, its heaving and
heavy hammer,

Its crowds of congested humans, its seething sorrows
and joys.

You worked for the wondrous city, the grasping and
grinding city;

You gave the last of your lovely strength to it in its
fierce desire,

You strove for the sad or sinning, gave downcast a
new beginning,

Burned bridges of caste 'tween mortals by Love's sac-
rificial fire.

And now in a mystical city, a martyr's most marvelous
city,

You live in a life immortal; you work for the glory of
God;

And o'er you the angels are bending, their praises with
saint-echoes blending.

High Heaven is happy though earth hearts are
scourged with great grief's heavy rod.

The Lesson of Faith

I hastened to your side
That dreadful night;
The Lord did safely guide
My feet aright;
He gave me strength to bear
Dark sorrow's weight of care.
My spirit crushed, arose
In Faith's strong might.

Beside your bier I stood
I could not cry;
My soul asked o'er and o'er
Why did you die?
Faith lent its strength to me.
God wished you to be free—
Thus to my asking soul
I did reply.

I stood among the throng,
In dumb despair;
Beheld your lovely form,
Divinely fair,
And yet I murmured not,
Nor consolation sought;
My all-consuming thought—
You were not there.

I listened to the dirge
 On organ played;
I saw you borne from me.
 Still unafraid,
I clasped the scourging rod—
The sweet sad gift of God,
And on your grave's green sod,
 I sank and prayed.

O Father give to me
 A chastened heart,
To kiss the cross, and bear
 With love, the smart.
Teach me "Thy will be done"
Ere yet my race is run,
My life with Thee begun
 Ne'er more to part.

The Choice Child

Loved June, with lilting, lulling streams ;
With rarest runes and murmurs mild ;
I've ever loved your loveliness.
I've thought you e'er the year's choice child.

Loved June, with ferns and flowery fields
Where mirth and merriment abound ;
With waving waters welding through
Great girths of green, with greeting sound.

Loved June, with carefree carols filled ;
With mild mysterious melody,
With sighs and singing song notes blent
With tones of deepest symphony.

Loved June, with joyful jubilance ;
With gladdest echoes sounding wild ;
Loved June, thou soul of minstrelsy,
Great Nature's petted perfect child.

Loved June, bedecked with hundred hues.
All blending with thy rare rose red ;
The wealth of all Eternity
Most lavishly on thee was shed.

Loved June, my heart is full of thee.
Thy sacred name I'll ever love,
For O loved June, thy rarest rose,
Of thy own name, now blooms Above.

The Dark Rose Feels the Loss of Thee

The sad dark rose has dropped for years,
For centuries 'neath tyranny,
Yet ever did her heart beat high
In hope that some day she'd be free;
Today a sword has pierced that heart,
A sword as 'twere of Calvary—
A daughter fair lies cold and low—
The Dark Rose feels the loss of thee.

Full oft thy voice was raised for her
In notes of Celtic melody;
Full oft thy hand reached out to help
The dark rose, striving to be free;
Full oft thy prayer ascended high
Thralldom's chains would cease to be—
O Irish daughter, true and loyal!
The Dark Rose feels the loss of thee.

I see thee now with tear-dimmed eyes,
With smile of warmest sympathy
Extolling Erin's virtues, and
Declaring she would yet be free;

I know thy life was lived for her,
Thy strength was spent to help her be
Again as in her ancient days—
The Dark Rose feels the loss of thee.

The dear Dark Rose weeps sadly now—
Thy soul has found Eternity—
No more will dreary earth be cheered
By thy rich laugh of Celtic glee;
No more will hearts find smile or tear
Of thine, in deepest sympathy—
O noblest type of womankind!
The Dark Rose feels the loss of thee.

Dark Rose—Ireland.

A Star of First Magnitude

Just as a star
That shines out 'mid the myriads on High,
Of magnitude the first—
The far transcendant glory of the sky!

So like a star,
Whose task is to dispel the gloom of night,
Of magnitude the first,
That adds to lesser orbs its lucid light!

O wondrous star,
Sent here to earth to shine divinely fair,
Of magnitude the first,
Dispelling gloom of misery and of care!

Shine brilliant Star
Today in lustre in God's blessed dome,
In magnitude the first!
With saints and angels light our Heavenly Home!

Wafted

Out to the distant Farland,
Where the Angels throng,
Wafted beyond the Starland,
Borne on the wings of song ;

Music of life still ringing
In your list'ning ear,
Loved ones all vainly clinging—
When you stole from us, Dear.

Hardly we heard you going,
As at Vesper chime,
Zephyrs of eve soft blowing
Flowers of bright Springtime,

Forth to the lovely Farland
Did your white soul soar.
Now in the wondrous Starland
Rests it for evermore.

Recollection

I remember in the morning of our youth, O sister
mine,

How we trusted to your guidance, with your vision
clear and fine.

How you led the race with comrades, bade them follow
in your way,

Turned their failure into triumph as the night is turned
to day.

I remember how you ever gazed upon the mountain
high,

In your strong idealism penetrating Thought's deep
sky.

How your hand reached towards another when that
other needed aid,

And how oft your helping spirit has the rod of anguish
stayed.

I remember how you listened to the orphan's helpless
cry,

And anear the sick and life-worn bent to hear the
feeble sigh,

How you helped your fellow-workers strive each day
to do the best,

That at Eve, the blameless conscience would give to
them sweeter rest.

I remember how you laughed aloud e'en when your
heart was sore
Giving joy to those in sorrow, from your soul's abundant store,
How you gave with heart and brain and hand to add
to mortals' cheer,
How all gloom was quick dispelled in hope, whenever
you came near.

I remember how despite your toil, no matter what
your care,
You would hurry to the call of home, to help your own
to bear
Trials and worries, great or small, ah, how you always
came in haste,
Turned to garnished fields of ripened grain a barren
desert waste.

I remember how we leaned on you when every sorrow
came;
You were strong and brave and wonderful. Despair
was not the same
When courageous you arose to vanquish it by joy of
soul,
And you proved its real message was to lead us to the
goal.

I remember O so many ways, so many virtues true
That throughout the course of your brief life were ever
part of you.

Love of sacred Freedom and of God; the cause of
Erin's right;

Hatred of mere love of worthless gold, and stern ambi-
tion's might;

Open generosity of heart to each and every one,
Thus so many heads bowed low in grief when your
life's time was done;

Noble wish to spread the cause of good to all of
humankind;

Tender strong desire to bring the light to spirits weak
and blind;

Faithful love of friends; the love of home; the love of
land of birth;

Love of our dear parents' land—the brightest jewel on
the earth;

Strong devotion to the church; the firm deep trust that
some day Right

Over all the world shall rule and drive dark Error
far from sight.

Many choicest gifts of God you had, O creature rich
and rare!

Wondrously bestowed, and meet with those of Angels
to compare,

Yet supreme one shines o'er all and brightens earth
and Heaven Above,

Gift Divine that rules the hearts of saints—the God-
like gift of Love.

Take a Widened View

So many lives are commonplace, so many people dwell,
In sordid satisfaction, in a blameless self-content,
So many seek the dross of life, nor ever strive to quell
Insatiate desires for gain, on which they're ever bent.

If such would look beyond themselves and take a
widened view

Of God's creation, what a world would open to their
eyes!

The myriads of mortals each with his own work to do,
Each struggling bravely on the way that leads to
Paradise.

The old, the sick, the sorrow-worn as well as Love and
Youth,

The tired-hearted pushing on with carefree Strength
and Joy.

The ones who trip with easy feet in charge of Faith
and Truth,

The ones who find the loveliness of life has much alloy.

O selfish souls who see not far because your sight is
dim
With looking always at yourselves, and shutting out
the view ;
Look out upon all humankind, and raise your eyes to
Him
Who left a world of Glory to bring vision unto you.

Go out and help a brother man, help give to lives some
cheer.
Remember that immortal souls will call to you some
day ;
Will blame you in their helplessness for all your lack
of cheer
Which kept their path of life so dark, and led their
feet astray.

Be of the few, the chosen few, who ever nobly strive
To lift from hearts the misery and black despair of
night.
Help spread Joy's sunshine o'er the earth ; all error
from it drive ;
Make Love and Pity rule men's hearts, and banish Self
and Might.

Adios

I found 'mong your treasures an old card today,
The writing was by your dear hand,
Addressed to our brother, now sleeping beneath
The green of his own native land.

Long years he had traversed in regions afar,
But always his heart sighed for home.
You loved him the dearest and 'twas for your sake,
He quenched his desire to roam.

You wrote him the card that I wept o'er today,
O many a one you had sent,
So full of your wit and your bright breezy thoughts,
That to him such happiness meant.

But somehow this card, it was tender and sad,
It ended by wishing farewell,
Commending our brother to God's loving care,
In language that echoed a knell.

His eyes never gazed on your dear tender words,
The card came but he was asleep.
His soul had awakened on Life's far-off shore,
His body in slumber lay deep.

Some spirit, I think, must have whispered to you,
To send that last tender farewell.
The card he ne'er saw but the thought reached his soul
Methinks with the sad Passing Bell.

The Reward

Like to soldiers marching
On the broad, long road,
Carrying their burdens—
Bracing 'neath the load—
Seeing in the distance
Glory's honored crown,
Cheer upon the faces
Chasing every frown—

Following the leader—
Answering his call—
Ready at his summons,
E'er to rise or fall—
Walking in his footsteps,
Armed well for the fray,
Led through love to follow
Where he points the way—

So are Christian mortals,
On this life's long road—
Each one bears his burdens
Bracing for the load;
Each sees in the distance
Glory's radiant crown,
Cheer upon the faces
Chasing every frown;

For they see the Leader.
He has sent the call.
Lovingly they follow
Whate'er may befall.
Seeking for His footsteps,
Armed for any fray,
Answering His summons
Where He leads the way.

Fall in ranks, O soldiers!
Answer to the call;
Christ the Leader beckons;
Nought can you befall.
He has bled to save you;
Do not fear the fray;
Seek the crown of Glory
Where He points the way.

One I knew, a soldier,
Fighting for the Right;
Leading while she followed,
Merciful in might;
Visioning the Glory—
Treading Life's Highway—
Teaching souls to bravely
March the Lord's Highway;

Eyes turned ever forward—
Back braced for the load—
Woes and cares of mortals
On Life's dark High Road.
Soldier, Christian, woman!
Lead us still, we pray,
To Christ's Crown of Glory
End of Life's Highway.

Thoughts of You

In the laughing days of youth, when every heart was
free,
When the sun shone golden-bright and Earth sang
melody,
When the joys of life and love were near—within your
grasp,
And far-visioned you the door of Future would un-
clasp.

How you trod the daisied lanes, a laughter-loving
child,
Cheeks of rosy-red, and hair of glossy tangled wild,
Eyes of azure, heaven-deep and full of mystery,
Soul o'er-brimmed with wondrous thoughts, pent,
striving to be free!

How you loved the dewy morn and sunset's golden
glow;
Loved the mid-day's blinding glare, and Nature's over-
flow—
Joys of Spring and Summertime—the carols of the
birds,
Rippling sounds of waters, thrilling thoughts too deep
for words!

How your tripping feet oft stayed beside the **humble**
cot,

Where the sick and sorrowful must bear in pain **their**
lot!

How you plucked the flowers wild that by the **wayside**
grew,

Giving them with flowers of love sprung from **the**
heart of you!

How you grew in soul and heart with passing of **the**
years,

Shedding laughter all around, oft through the **mists**
of tears!

How you added grace to life, and light to misery,
Gave your strength to humankind, that souls **might be**
more free!

How you worked so well and full that nought was left
to do,

So God's Angel pitying saw and softly came for **you**,
Came for you in summertime of strength and joy **and**
life,

Took you to your just reward from out a **world of**
strife!

You had done enough, he thought, your work it was
complete,
Time it was for you to know a rest all deep and sweet;
Heaven was made for such as you, and you were
needed there;
God knows best! He took you to His Home and
loving care.

God sends earthly sorrows but to give to us His grace,
This I knew when last I looked upon your peaceful
face—
O the memory of that hour will ever fill my soul,
Till in mercy I am called to God's Eternal Goal!

The Regions Fair

Each heart has its own deep yearning;
Each life has its secret woe;
Each spirit is burdened to fullness
As on through this world we go;
Each face is a mask oft hiding
With smiles a deep grim despair;
Each life is a tired struggle
For regions more fresh and fair.

O souls that are weary waiting!
Deep drenched in your own dark woe,
Reach hands and help aid a brother
Lest under the waves he go;
This thought will give strength to bear you
Above your own dark despair;
Through love and unselfish living
You'll enter the regions fair.

Give aid to your striving neighbor;
Help lighten Humanity's woe;
Preach justice and right and loving
As onward through life you go,
Think high and live great in spirit
And conquer sin's dark despair;
Be nobly human to humans—
Thus enter the regions fair.

Together

Children three in the morning,
Johnny and Ed and Jo—
Playing always together,
Comrades where'er they go;
Johnny so wise and perfect,
Ed with his golden heart,
Jo with a thousand girlish ways
All of her life a part.

Always ever together
Laughing in childish glee,
Life's bright morning foretelling
Closeness in time to be,
Johnny the wondrous student,
Ed with the love for all,
Jo with the nature bright and strong
Hearing the world's loud call.

Parted long but forever
Thinking of other days,
Youth's bright morning and gladness,
Childhood's alluring ways,
Johnny and Ed far distant
Into the far lands roam,
Joe in devotion biding near
Harking for call of home.

Now together they slumber
 'Neath the green shady tree,
Comrades true in God's morning
 As in the Used-to-be.
Johnny with soul so gentle,
 Ed with the heart of gold,
Jo with the Vision, seraph-clear—
 Bide close in God's blessed Fold!

The Complete Life

You tripped through life with flying feet,
 You never stopped to rest,
You wasted not a moment as you sped.
You sipped the honey luscious sweet,
 You found in earth the best,
You followed joyous Fancy where she led.

You plucked the roses as you went,
 You pushed the thorns aside,
You cast the flowers to each waiting hand.
Just like a spirit Heaven-sent,
 All full of joy you hied,
A herald bright of love, through dreary land.

Your life was full to brimming o'er
 With work for others done,
With deeds of kindness scattered on the way.
You rushed into the open door,
 Your waiting crown well won,
You sought the fullness of Eternal Day.

Full rich in worth though brief your time,
 As many lives in one,
Earth's pathway brightened as you passed along.
You heard the bells of Heaven chime,
 For you had Life begun,
In haste you joined the great Eternal throng.

Now in the wondrous melody,
 Your voice rings loud and clear.
Among the ranks with those who lead, you stand,
With notes of soulful sympathy,
 As oft you've carolled here,
You scatter rapture through God's Chosen Band.

I Feel Thee Near

I feel thee near,

At early dawn, when Nature wakes from sleep;
When birds sing gladness, and when fledglings peep;
When Life looks up and faces a new day,
And sun sends beams to brighten up the way.

I feel thee near.

I feel thee near,

When noon-day glare is adding warmth to sky;
When flowers are brightest-hued and birds fly high;
When Day is fullest in her youth and strength,
And e'er the shadows straighten into length.

I feel thee near.

I feel thee near,

When eve's bright glows of sunset slow decline;
And rays soft blending stretch out thin and fine;
When Nature murmurs with a drowsy tone,
And tired souls feel need of rest alone.

I feel thee near.

I feel thee near.

Ah most I feel thy presence in the night,
When God shuts out the scenes of day so bright;
Then thoughts of thee consume my riven soul.
Ah then I feel thee near. I seek thy goal.

Then thou art near.

The Disguise

Since days of Dawn, have danced in glee
O'er Erin's vales, the fairies gay,
To keep from hearts, dark misery,
And fill them with the joy of day;

And thus the Celt is ever glad
E'en though deep sorrows he must bear;
Thus oft when most his soul is sad,
His face a smile of cheer may wear.

I like to think that long ago
In days when Tara's Harp was strung,
You danced, a fairy, to and fro—
Or ancient lays you may have sung.

I like to think the joy you knew—
That made your spirit gladness filled—
Came down through ages, Dear, with you,
And many sore-tried souls has thrilled.

Somehow a nature broad and free
And half sublime as was your own,
Must e'er in immortality
Dwell scintillant a-near the Throne.

Somehow it must have been a ray
Sent from that Throne, to carry light
To darkened earth, and help the day
Of love, to be more clear and bright.

And so I think in strange disguise
Of fairy nymph, you tripped along
The treasured isle, that gently lies
By ocean, rocked with tender song.

I like to think your feet have trod
The ancient vales of wondrous green;
Have kissed the verdant sacred sod—
That you in truth, the land have seen.

Whence sprang the noble lofty race
For which your heart beat loud and true;
I like to think some spirit place
Near Ireland, Dear, was kept for you.

Celts, Be Free

“Live not in chains,
Sons of the Brave!
Stand straight and noble,
Tall and free!
Look Heavenward,
Not towards the grave,
If men with spirits
You would be!

“Break iron greed
And captive’s shame!
Crush low the tyrant
Who enthralls!
Be master men
Of honored name!
Fight well, for Justice
Loudly calls!”

Thus sang a soul
In Celtic pride
To Ireland’s children,
Sorrow filled;
Brave One we stand
Your bier beside;
Your words with courage
Hearts have thrilled.

We pledge our word
Above you now
For Erin's Freedom
E'er to strive.
We'll win or die.
This is our vow—
To break each curse'd
Cruel gyve.

True Wealth

True wealth lies not in spacious lands,
In stately halls or golden store,
In costly gems from distant strands,
In wells of deep abundant pour.

There is a greater wealth than these
In beauties lent to sight and ear ;
In songs of birds, in noble trees,
In crystal waters rippling near ;

In murmurs of the wondrous wild,
In waving grass or field of grain,
In prattle of a little child,
In sighing winds that sweep the plain ;

In broad expanse of firmament,
Low bending soft with lavish blue,
In brilliant rainbow, wherein blent
Are found Creation's every hue ;

Yet these are riches that must find
The soul through an external gate.
The truest wealth of purest kind
Lies in the heart by chance of fate.

The love of friends, the ties of home,
The memories of childhood's days,
The power, in image far to roam
Through Fancy's ever-pleasant ways.

The thoughts, perhaps once culled from books,
Now part of the interior life;
The touch of hands, the loving looks
That gave new strength through sorrow's strife.

Blest is the soul who seeks within
And finds Life's lasting jewels there—
No worldly joys can e'er begin
With such true treasures to compare;

Thrice-blest the soul who is content
With happiness in little things;
Of simple notes all perfect blent
Is the refrain High Heaven sings.

Saddened Hearts

So many hearts were saddened, when the tidings
spread abroad,
That you they loved would speak with them no more,
That ne'er again would you be seen in haunts of
yester-year;
Your bark had anchored on a far-off shore.

Regretful notes of sympathy were sent from o'er the
land,
From many who on earth are known to fame,
But just as welcome were the tones of sorrow from
the poor,
Who wept in sadness as they spoke your name.

You loved the great of earth because they answered
Pleasure's call,
In them you found diversion from life's toil;
But deepest thoughts within your soul were given to
the poor;
You loved to pour on trouble pity's oil.

So many hearts now sadly miss your friendly look and
tone,
Your helpful words of cheer in days so dark.
You carried life and happiness. E'en when you bade
adieu,
You threw a greeting from life's parting bark.

Your memory lives to guide us on. It lives a hundred
fold;

For now we dwell on each inspiring way.

'Tis only in the night time when they're absent, that
we know

The truest beauties of the wondrous day.

So now that you are gone for aye, we know that every
deed,

And smile and look and thought you held, surpassed
earth's common kind.

The richness of your nature will be long missed from
the world.

So many saddened hearts you've left behind!

In Life's Garden

Life is a garden,
Full of flowers,
Of varied kind and hue ;
Some meant to bloom in
Shady bowers,
Their special task to do.

Some on the High-road
In the sun,
Must go their destined way ;
Facing the breezes,
Until done
Their course, in Time's brief day.

Sometimes a flower
Much more rare
Than others seen around,
Casts forth a radiance
Gorgeous fair,
In brilliance ever found ;

Holds all the beauty
Cheer and love
Of all the varied hues,
As 'twere that Heaven,
From Above
On it shed holy dews.

Such in life's garden
Were you, Dear,
All full of joy and light;
Ever transcending
Rare and clear
All others fair and bright;

On you did Heaven
Bending low
Send special gifts of grace.
Now in God's garden,
Well we know
You've found a special place.

The Two Roses

You wrote about the dear dark rose,
The rose woe-gloomed on ocean breast,
The rose storm-tossed that never knew,
'Neath foot of tyrant, peace nor rest;

You wrote of Erin, dear dark rose,
Most sad and lone e'er earth has seen,
You loved her well. Your heart beat loud
In pity for Dark Rosaleen.

You were yourself a dear bright rose
A rose full-blown, and breathing wealth
Of joy and beauty in your rare
Exuberance of lovely health;

Your nature was as free and rare,
As any rose earth e'er has seen;
You gave to life the warmth of June—
You were a rare bright Rosaleen.

Two roses that in hope and love
Afar apart, could never be—
The bright one twined about the dark
In true soul-raptured sympathy;

Two roses breathing Celtic love—
The rarest ever earth has seen;
Joy-filled in Heaven, the bright rose prays
For sorrow-worn Dark Rosaleen.

Dear One

Dear One!

When last I looked upon your face

In life,

I thought not that Death's cold embrace,

Would hold you, Dear,

Forever near—

From strife.

Dear One!

Your happy face was gladness filled

That day.

With health and energy you thrilled.

Death seemed as star

From you so far

Away.

Dear One!

On call I stood your bed beside

One night,

My heart-strings torn and sorrow-tried.

I felt the rod

You with your God

In light.

Dear One!

Your spirit lingers now I know

To cheer,

About me wheresoe'er I go,

And comforts me.

You seem to be

So near.

Dear One!

Again we'll meet when life is past

In love;

Be happy in God's regions vast;

The lesson know

Of Earth's dark woe—

Above.

I Wonder Why

I wonder why this cross was sent to me;
I wonder why my life must ever be
 So lonely, Dear, for you;
And why my soul must e'er with fancies teem,
And why I feel just late awaked from dream,
 That seems half dream, yet true.

I wonder why you had no time to say
One little word ere you sought Heaven's Day,
 To tell your wish or thought;
Perhaps 'twas thus God spared you from the pain
Of knowing that you'd see us ne'er again
 'Til our earth's tasks were wrought.

I wonder why such sorrow must befall
Hearts pierced as ours with Death's late triple call,
 Why you too had to die;
Some day I'll see beyond the clouds, the sun,
I'll understand when life for me is done,
 No more I'll wonder why.

The Deepest Sorrow

One has many sorrows
In this vale of tears—
Sorrows e'er increasing
With the passing years;
Some are shared in friendship,
Or at love's behest,
Yet One guards in secret
E'er the deepest, best.

In the farthest chamber
Of the shadowed soul,
Hidden from all loved ones
Who would fain condole,
Lies the treasured sorrow,
E'er of life a part,
With a sacred yearning
Filling deep the heart.

Lesser trials and troubles
One is glad to share
With the friends who'd gladly
All our burdens bear;
But the deepest sorrow
Is best borne alone.
Loving consolations
Make the soul more lone.

Seems as One is jealous
Of this greatest grief
And seeks not in mortals
To find woe's relief.
Seems this deepest sorrow
As a chastening rod
In sad love inflicted
By the choice of God.

In The Dusk

I'm lonely this even, the dusk is upon me.
Afar in the distance I hear the sweet strain
Of music, enthralling the hearts of glad hearers,
My soul unresponsive, feels only dull pain.

The cadence I hear is not happy nor joyful;
Its notes touch my soul with a weird minor tone.
The listeners find glee where I find nought but sadness;
They're happy while I am in sorrow alone.

The dusk seems to add to the sorrow upon me.
The notes waken echoes of dull, deep despair.
One comfort in times of distress can uplift me—
'Tis placing my burdens on wings of sweet prayer.

For music, and gloaming, and all tones of nature,
Though beautiful, are but the offerings of earth;
While prayer is of spirit and rests in High Heaven.
In heavenly favors is measured its worth.

So though in the gloaming my soul is deep riven,
And though unresponsive, I hear notes of joy,
My spirit communing in prayer, seeks a haven,
And I can find gladness with never alloy.

Then I can find peace, the sweet peace of the angels,
And I can find rest in the smile of God's love;
And thou, Dear, wilt come, and thy spirit wilt touch me
When prayer wafts my message to thee, far Above.

Looking On

In a world of work and strife and planning,
In a world of many things to do,
Some must bear the burdens for the others—
Greater souls are these, more strong and true.

Others stand and gaze upon the battle,
Merely looking on upon the fray,
Marking time, but never making headway,
Finding no advance at close of day.

Looking on life but never acting,
Doing nought but filling up a space;
Helping not themselves nor helping others,
Living life with laggard's slothful pace.

Looking on, but useless in their looking;
Dense and dull, they know not how to live;
Selfish for themselves, no thought for others;
Giving not, and having nought to give.

Looking on, they live perhaps the longer,
Marked in years and months, but oh! in deeds,
Short their lives and useless, as in gardens
Are the undesired choking weeds.

Lookers on! Arise and gird your armor.
Jump into the middle of the fray.
Count your scars with joy as honor's tokens
When you rest at close of Life's brief day.

Soldiers be upon the field of action.
Life's a battle hotly fought—soon o'er.
Doers be. In work well wrought, win laurels,
Value less your lives, and deeds far more.

My Memory

I have with me
A memory,
That e'er will be my guiding star—
Thy face so bright
Haloed in light;
It smiles on me from realms afar.

Where'er I go
In joy or woe
Whate'er betide in future years,
An angel guide
I'll feel beside;
'Tis thou—to banish all my fears.

In all my deeds,
In all my needs,
Thou'lt succor me from harm, I know,
As now I feel
Thy help so real
Sent from on High to me below.

Sometimes it seems
My thoughts are dreams;
While dreams seem strange reality—
That thou art near
And living, Dear,
That soon again thy face I'll see.

But then comes woe,
For deep I know
That earth will never know thee more ;
That thou hast left
My heart bereft
And sought in bliss a far-off shore.

Yet still with me
Is memory—
A boon to souls deep crushed with woe.
It brings thee near.
I feel thee, Dear.
Thy presence bides with me, I know.

A Friend of Irish Freedom

Old Erin dear has many friends
In her deep struggle to be free,
Yet never one more true to her,
More soul-filled of her, Dear, than thee.

From early childhood you were e'er
A rare staunch Celt in thought and heart,
And though you never saw the isle,
It was of your whole life, a part.

Our father was a true-born Celt
Who prided in his ancient race,
And well he might—its glory lent
That noble look to his dear face;

For he was gentle, kind and loyal;
In firm affection always true;
Broad-minded, generous and good
And pity-moved as, Dear, were you.

I grieve to think you had to go
Before the loved old land is free,
But maybe when that time shall come
The tidings will be borne to thee.

I know 'twould make you smile with joy—
 A joy surpassing Heaven's own,
 If through the courts of God, the news
 Of Ireland's freedom, should be known ;

And yet I know your smile would melt
 Into a tear of sympathy,
 And your great soul would throb, to know
 How much the sacrifice must be ;

And how you'd humbly step aside,
 Great soul ! in deep humility,
 To give your place to those who bled
 And died to set Old Ireland free.

The Weavers

Mortals are tapestries daily designing,
Steadily, surely, on Life's wondrous loom.
Years short or long they are given for labor,
Weaving in sunbeams and shadows of gloom.

Sorrows and gladness, ambitions and failures,
Deeds good and evil, great pleasures and woe,
Sins and contrition, neglects and firm strivings,
Wondrous ideals, thoughts sordid and low—

These are the warp and the woof of the workers,
Yet they work blindly, no pattern they see.
Futile the labor for all is haphazard.
No one can tell what the finish will be.

Would thy look up through the stars of the Heavens,
Patterns all perfectly finished are there,
Woven by saints in their daily endeavors,
Full of rich threads of deeds noble and rare.

Wonderful patterns, hung forth in the Heavens,
Mortals may study and copy with care;
Yet they strive not for designs of the seraphs.
Sordid, they turn from the beauty so fair.

Yet when the years of their labor is over,
Justly, the Master will ask them to show
What they have woven, and how they have striven
All that is best in Life's weaving to know.

They will be judged for neglect of the lessons
Which through His saints He has given in love.
Only designs that are made from His teachings
Will He accept to adorn Realms Above.

They Are Not Gone

They are not gone
Our dearly loved,
Whom last we saw
 'Neath coffin lid;
They bide a-neighbor
To comfort us—
Their forms, by veil
 Celestial hid.

They are not gone,
Though on our ears
The tones we love
 Will sound no more.
In moments best,
Our souls can hear
The echoes from
 A distant shore.

They are not gone,
Though touch of hand
Will thrill us ne'er
 With new delight;
Some day they'll reach
Their arms towards us
And bear us forth
 To realms so bright.

They are not gone
Though crushed our hearts
With loneliness
 For some dear face;
They feel for us
And guard on high
For us, some day,
 A special place.

They are not gone
The dearly loved;
Their forms are 'neath
 The coffin hid;
Their spirits dwell
A-near us e'er
By veil of bliss
 Celestial hid.

The Pathway Through Erin

On earth is a marvelous pathway; it runs through a
sanctified land.

'Tis bordered by triple-leaved shamrocks; watched o'er
by a blessed fairy band.

'Tis trodden by feet of great heroes, by martyrs, by
patriots brave.

And full it is e'er to o'ercrowding. Through Erin it
leads to the grave.

From dungeons the travelers come pouring, from
hovels of want and of care;

White-faced with the signs of starvation; keen-eyed
with the courage that's rare.

Through ages they've followed this pathway, their one
noble purpose to save

The ancient ideal of Freedom. Through Erin it leads
to the grave.

Afar from the land of the pathway, wherever an exile
may roam,

Great souls have sighed deep to tread o'er it—the path-
way of their early home.

Great hearts have beat loud with desire to die with the
loyal and brave,

That suffer and bleed on the pathway, through Erin,
that leads to the grave.

O Sister! How often I've heard you, as feeling deep
lit your loved face,
Speak warm of the virtues of Ireland—the gifts of our
wonderful race.
How much of your strength and your pity, to Erin in
thralldom, you gave!
No truer e'er stood on the pathway, through Erin, that
leads to the grave.

You loved the dear race of our fathers. Your heart
ached with pity and grief.
But faith in the Right kept your Hope high, and gave
your sad spirit relief.
You trusted that God in His mercy will reach out old
Erin to save,
And comfort the souls on the pathway, through Erin,
that leads to the grave.

You prayed for the welfare of Ireland. You spoke on
your life's dying day.
Of sunshine of freedom for Erin—spoke cheerfully,
that was your way.
Your soul, I believe, in its passage, winged far o'er the
blue ocean wave,
And traversed the great path of heroes, from Erin,
that leads to the grave.

The Vision of Beyond

Oh what a world of wonder,
Some day will God unfold i
To eyes deep filled with yearning!
What store of wealth untold
Will greet the souls of mortals
Who patiently have borne
The crosses laid upon them!
What joy to hearts forlorn!

The beauty of the Heavens
Will dazzle searching eyes—
The scintillating splendor
Of Holy Paradise—
The glories of the angels—
The seraphs, full of grace—
And far outvying cherubs—
Or saints—the Holy Face.

Like radiant sun in brilliance,
Through the celestial sphere,
Its beams light souls of beings
And banish gloom and fear;
Forgotten are life's crosses,
In one supreme content
When ended is life's bondage
And free the shackles rent.

The dark days of the earthland
But make the brightness more
Of that true home awaiting
On Heaven's golden shore;
The sorrows and the crosses
We find so hard to bear,
In God's Land are but blessings
To hold us in His care.

The Poem of Life

Many a beautiful lyric
Made by the poet's skill;
Written in measures harmonic,
Doth one with pleasure thrill;

Yet earth's most wonderful poems
Were not the work of man;
Rythmic the beats of Creation
Since ever time began.

Ever in frictionless motion
Roll the celestial spheres,
Governed by laws of perfection,
Down through the countless years.

Daily the winds and the rivers
Sing in their rythmic runes—
Mountains and valleys and prairies
Chorus in nature's tunes.

Grandest of all of earth's poems
Beating out joy and strife,
Thoughts of the Master revealing,
Is the great poem—Life.

Pulsing with feeling in cadence,
Rhyming by sacred laws,
Perfect in scheme and in setting
Without discordant flaws.

How the Great Poet has loved it!
For 'tis His Masterpiece.
O'er it each day that He ponders,
Pride in it doth increase.

Life is a beautiful poem
Made to a perfect plan,
Written for God's dearest creatures,
Given in love to man.

The Gleaners

The Master's fields are full of golden gleanings—
Good thoughts, and kindly words and gentle deeds;
They lie in full abundance, waiting workers,
To willing take them for the Master's needs.

The faithful labor in the fields of harvest,
All patiently from dawn to sunset's glow;
At night the loving Master will reward them,
According to their merit—well, they know.

The careless ones tread down the golden gleanings,
Nor bend their backs to pick the offerings fair.
Let others gather from the fullsome harvest!
They would, themselves the dreary struggle spare.

But at the close of day, the gentle Master
Will call to workers in the harvest field,
"Come hither! come and show to Me your gleanings!
What did your day of labor for Me yield?"

Then will the faithful ones, with meek submission
Place lowly, golden sheaves at His dear feet,
While He will point the way to bliss eternal—
A recompense for them, of joy complete.

But with a look of sad reproach, accusing,
He'll turn from those who idled through life's day.
"You must atone," He'll say in tender pity,
"Before your feet can tread the Heavenly way.

"You must atone in fire of deep contrition.
You must now expiate your lack, by prayer.
Must purify your souls from sin's condition,
Before a crown of Glory you may wear."

Death and Life

There is a portal, through which souls
Pass into bliss, from care and sin,
When earthly trials are well o'er
And joy in Heaven doth begin.

On hither side the portal, lies
A land of grave uncertainty;
Where happiness is gloomed by woe—
Where mortals struggle to be free.

On yonder side, celestial light
In realms that are most wondrous fair;
The beauty of Eternal Dawn,
In glorious hues, all rich and rare;

The joy of angels and of saints—
Companionship in happiness—
The sweetest ties of earth enhanced
By heavenly love our souls to bless.

We cannot pass the portal till
On earth we've drawn our latest breath,
Ah, then our friends look sadly down
And say we've gone from life to death.

Yet would it not be truer speech
And with more perfect wisdom fraught,
Were they to say, "By death on earth
This soul a life in Heaven has bought."

For sin, and gloom and deadly woe
That to this dreary earth belong
Are attributes of Death, while life,
Is full of joy and love and song.

Thus life as understood by man
Is DEATH, and Death is life, I know.
Though mortals weep, God smiles when souls
Pass to Life's joys from Death's dark woe.

As Years Roll By

As years roll by,
We're conscious of the nothingness of earthly joys.
That life has meaning deep, sincere.
That pleasures are but baubles like to childish toys.

As years roll by,
We cling far less to things material of earth.
We learn to place our thoughts above.
To love the treasures rich and rare of higher worth.

As years roll by,
We draw more closely to the ones we've known the
best.
Our own are nearest to our hearts.
We think upon the scenes our earliest days have blest.

As years roll by,
We feel the partings from our loved ones more and
more.
Dark sorrow fills our souls with woe,
And, tired of earth, we long to find life's journey o'er.

As years roll by,
We look beyond this world to feel the joys of old.
Our souls uplifted search on High,
And find in realms of light rare happiness untold.

As years roll by,
We know that those we love are safe in God's own
care.

We learn His plans. We see His Hand.
Some day we'll meet the ones we love in Regions fair.

As years roll by,
We see our crosses as but blessings in disguise,
Sent by a Father in His love,
To strengthen us, and upward force our souls to rise.

Dreams

I have loved the day with all its brilliance,
Emblem of true life and work it seems ;
But e'en more I love the gentle night-time :
For it brings to me my time for dreams.

When I wake, the world demands my efforts.
Duty calls, and thoughts must quick obey.
Dreams are of the night, for peace and slumber,
Action ever must fill up the day.

I must set you from my mind in coldness,
So at times it seemeth unto me ;
Yet my heart is longing for you ever,
And my thoughts impatient to be free.

Night, dear Night, with silence deep enfolding,
Lest my spirit roam where'er it will.
I can then shut out a world of duty ;
Dreams of thee can then my spirit fill.

When I lie and gaze upon the darkness,
I can live again the days of yore.
When I sleep, my spirit can roam with you ;
I can live in joy with you once more.

Then forgive my thoughtlessness in day-time ;
'Tis not coldness, howsoe'er it seems.
I can consecrate my holiest moments
To you—moments spent with you in dreams.

I can be with you with nought intruding.
I can give the best that in me lies
To you, Dear, and ever shall it be so,
'Till I dream for aye beyond the skies.

Gethsemane

A lonely figure knelt in desolation,
His saddened brow low bent in wan despair,
Repeating words in deep humiliation,
The echoes of His soul's consuming prayer.

He begged for mercy on all helpless sinners,
For clemency towards all mankind. "Alas!"
He cried, "Dear Father, pity man's remission,
And, if Thy will, from Me this chalice pass."

No word He spoke, reproving or complaining.
No thought but to accept the Father's will.
No question asked that sought for an explaining,
Of reason, why such grief His soul should fill.

But low he bowed in humble resignation,
To lift a fallen race to meet its God.
His to accept without an explanation
The suffering and the scourging of the rod.

Yet He Himself was One who was all Holy;
Then should we mortals not a lesson learn?
He left a throne and chose a life most lowly,
To help mankind a home in Heaven earn.

He suffered grief and woe and accusations,
From those for whom the sacrifice was made.
By cold ingratitude and profanations
Against His Name, was His great love repaid.

How willingly should mortals carry crosses!
How patiently should bear each darksome grief!
Since He the Lord who died for man's redemption,
Awaits in Heaven—to grant our souls relief.

The Farewell

Peacefully into the bark you stepped,
Just at eve with the dying sun;
Waters were hushed, scarcely zephyr blown,
Birdlings drowsed, for the day was done.

Smiling you waved us a last good-bye,
Spoke no word of complaint or woe.
Life had been lived and your task fulfilled,
Death the Angel, bade you to go.

Happy the smile that you wore that eve
As your bark launched to gentle breeze;
White were the sails that bore you away
O'er the mystical seraph seas.

Voyager fair! You must safely land.
God was watching and guiding you.
You had served Him and He could not fail.
He is ever a Pilot true.

In Memoriam

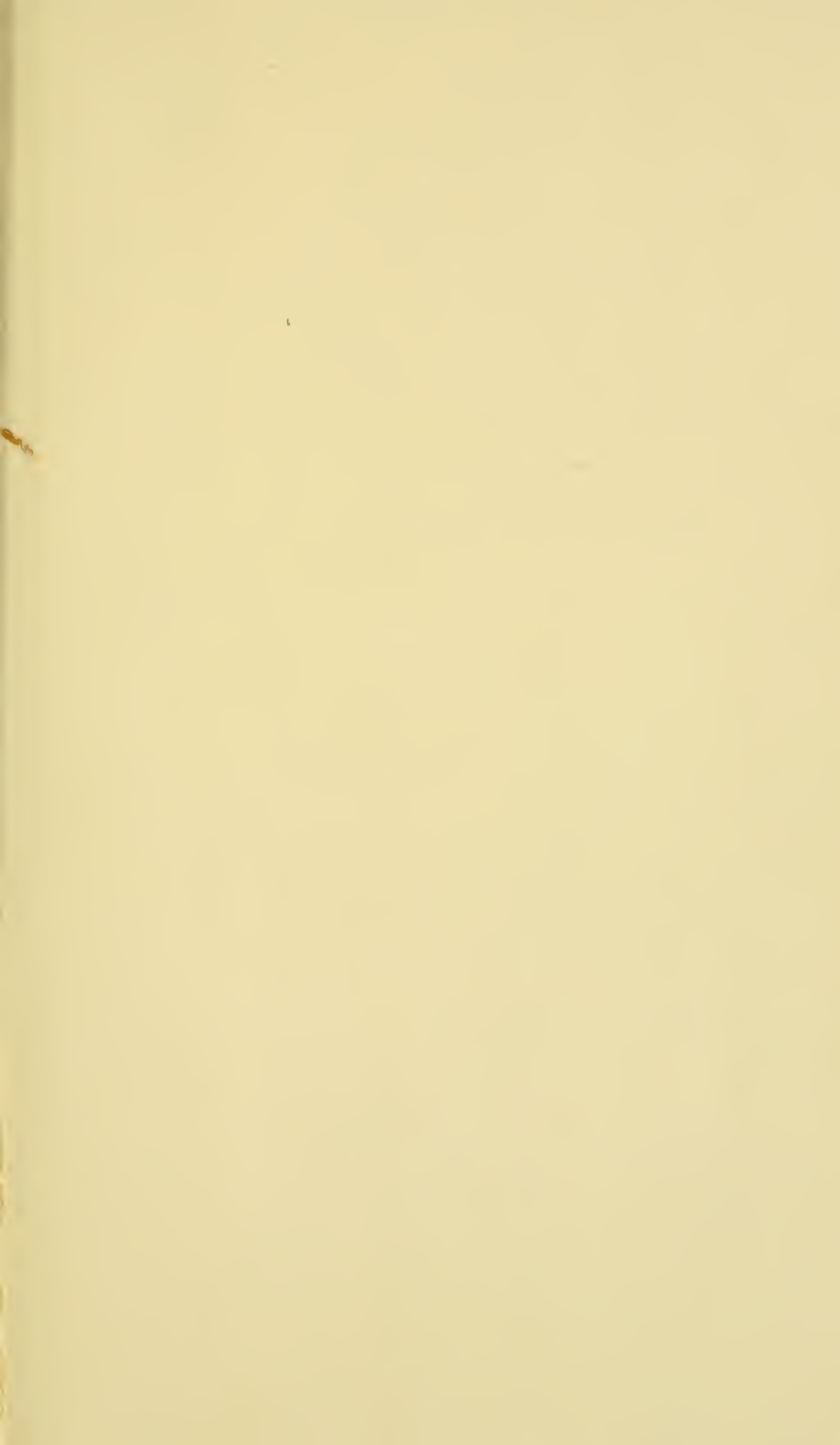
Though the soul is crushed with sorrow,
In the darkness of grief's night
To uplift the heart, there shineth
From on High a Beacon Light;
'Tis the smile of One so tender,
Bidding us accept the rod.
She so dear to us was needed
To adorn the realms of God.

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